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SOME PHASES OF INTELLIGENCE

In one of Disraeli's earlier novels, *Contarini Fleming*, a study of the development of the poetic temperament, the youthful hero, romantic, imaginative, already in some measure vaguely conscious of his future, is represented as rebelling against his work at school, which seems to him to be concerned with mere words instead of with ideas. He leaves the school, appears unexpectedly before his father, at that moment on the eve of realizing his ambition to become Prime Minister of his country, and states the reason for the step which he has taken. The reply is swift and disconcerting: "Some silly book has filled your head, Contarini, with these ridiculous notions about the respective importance of words and ideas. Few ideas are correct ones, and which are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men." This view of the relative importance of ideas and of the words in which different people express, sometimes thoughtfully but far more frequently without conscious thought, their personal conception of those ideas, savors of cynicism, but a dispassionate observer is forced to admit that the course of human events seems often to justify it. The power of general terms and phrases to mislead or at least to obscure comprehension, and to enable the users of them to converse with the full semblance of knowledge without, however, thinking, or knowing what those terms precisely mean, was noted long before Socrates immortalized the situation for the imagination of men by his persistent endeavor to discover whether his fellow-citizens attached any definite and coherent notions to the general terms that they were using every day. If we could recall Socrates to life and could listen to the conversations in which, in his familiar manner, he would try to enrich his own mind by the reputed intelligence of distinguished residents of one or another city of the United States, we should almost certainly have the same sensations that we now have when we read the dialogues of Plato. As Professor John Dewey has admirably said: "What is called pure thought, thought freed from the empirical contingencies of life, would, even if it existed, be irrelevant to the guidance of action. For the latter always operates amid the circumstance of contingency." If we admit, as we all do, that words are mere symbols of ideas, mere counters for things, the

real things of which life is made up, then, if we wish to think straight, we shall think, for example, of generosity, not as we usually do, in a purely general way, but always in terms of the specific attitude of mind and the specific concrete act which that word could properly be used to describe in connection with a particular situation at a particular time in a particular place. All thinking that is really clear and really valuable, all thinking that is conducive to intelligent understanding of man in his world either takes this form, or may at once, if a modern Socrates should ask for closer definition, be reduced to it. In the greatest sermon ever preached, the Sermon on the Mount, we read "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth". If these words are anything but mere words, then they represent specific acts at specific times in specific places. If, as I said before, we wish to think straight, we shall ask ourselves the pitiless question: To what acts here and now should these words lead in our own personal lives, in the corporate life of our city, of our state, and of our nation? What precisely do we mean today by such phrases as freedom of speech, self-expression, the right to be happy, international obligations, Americanism? I am not now limiting the range of possible definitions of these and of other similar general terms. I am simply urging the necessity of attaching to them, if we use them at all, a definite and consistent idea, and the further necessity of employing them in such a way that our interlocutors cannot help understanding what we mean even if they are too indolent or too indifferent to make any particular effort to do so. Nothing is more dangerous than a half-truth, because the vitality of the part that is true helps insidiously to quicken the part that is false; and the worst enemy of the spread of intelligence is not error, but nebulous thinking.

It may be said, I think, without fear of contradiction, that a prime function of all education is to inculcate and foster clarity of thought and clarity of expression. May we add with equal fearlessness, that a persistent effort to understand the world in which for a brief space we live, and to express that understanding in unequivocal terms, must necessarily form certain habits of mind, the philosophic outlook, the catholic and therefore temperate judgment, the interest in knowledge as an indispensable means for the development of a rational civilization? If with Keats we may say

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,

do we remain, after all, our original provincial selves? Or do we gain a genuine enfranchisement of the soul and become citizens of a larger world? Do we form the habit of mind that Cicero in his *Brutus*, a history of Roman oratory, ascribes to the really accomplished orator: "a man", he says, "who is able to create in the minds of his hearers a lively comprehension of the general principles and universal relations that are implicit in a case whose details have apparently only a local and temporal character"? The Latin runs: *Qui dilatare possit atque a propria ac definita disputatione hominis ac temporis ad communem quaestionem universi generis orationem traducere*. Do we, I say, form such a habit of mind, or have we still kinship with the English lady mentioned by Emerson in his *English Traits* (p. 145) who traveling on the Rhine and hearing a German speak of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners". There is a striking passage in the essay of Francis Bacon upon "The Advancement of Learning" (Clarendon Press, p. 252):

"I cannot but be raised to this persuasion, that this third period of time will far surpass that of the Greek and the Roman learning; if only men will know their own strength and their own weakness both; and take, one from the other, light of invention and not fire of contradiction; and esteem of the inquisition of truth as of an enterprise and not as of a quality or ornament."

Is it perhaps true that we who are interested in education whether as teachers or as students regard the search for truth as a quality or ornament rather than as an enterprise? In our study of literature, history, and philosophy, do we perhaps busy ourselves simply with the achievements of Greek and Roman learning and fail "to make habitually our own the natural sources from which the Greeks drew for themselves and the rational spirit which kindled their imagination"¹? We are, *ex hypothesi*, lovers of literature. Now literature, like all the fine arts, provides us with noble pleasure; but surely we may define its supreme function to be the criticism and interpreta-

1. F. J. E. Woodbridge, *The Enterprise of Learning*, Columbia University Quarterly, XIV, 1912, p. 254.

tion of life. And when we consider the Protean character of life, that infinite variety which "age cannot wither nor custom stale", we may properly, I think, amplify this definition by saying that this interpretation of man to himself must be made in such a moving and broadening fashion that his comprehension of the possibilities of his nature, of its many-sided capacities of new growth and new achievement, will make it difficult for him to be satisfied with a provincial outlook on this subject, or to rest content within fixed boundaries. The justice of this definition may perhaps be called in question by one who considers only a single work, a single author, or even a single literary movement. But I am thinking rather of literature in its totality and of the determination of its inherent tendency from the evidence furnished by a comprehensive survey.

If now one studies literature in this way as the sublimated essence of the life of mankind, one cannot but gain a lively sense, on the one hand, of the essential similarity of the problems which man has attempted to solve, and on the other, of the very great difference of the solutions which have been offered. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Are these solutions the outcome of sincere thinking? I cannot doubt it. Are the solutions sound because, if, or when, they are the outcome of sincere thinking? In Horace's words, *remittit negitatque Sabellus*. It is obvious that an affirmative answer can not be defended. I am driven to an important conclusion: sincerity of conviction affords no guarantee whatever that a proposed course of action is sound and right; or expressed more fully, sincerity of conviction considered in itself alone, and without reference to the breadth, precision, and *impersonal* character of the induction upon which it is based, is a wholly inadequate justification of any action whatever. The real justification is furnished by something quite different, viz. the *dispassionate* conclusions of an acute and far-seeing intelligence. George Eliot says of the parting of Romola and Savonarola, "The two faces were lighted up, each with an opposite emotion, each with an opposite certitude". Such clashes have everywhere and always arisen, and there can be no reasonable doubt that in the future as in the past, human beings equally confident, equally sincere, equally high-minded, will answer the same question not only in different ways but even in antagonistic ways. For the players in life's drama are not personified abstractions.

Rarely is the issue clearly joined between acknowledged goodness and justice on the one side, and confessed wickedness and injustice on the other, as happens, for example, in the *Pilgrim's Progress* and in other books of that type. These words, like all such general terms that are descriptive of human thought and action, have no definitive and unchanging content. They convey today, as they have always conveyed, the most diverse meanings to different human beings. But we cannot accept as true in this connection the reply of Hamlet to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so". Individual opinion is not the final touchstone of the truth; and, inasmuch as human society is only the aggregate of the individuals that compose it, we cannot maintain that a given belief, as, for instance, in witch-craft, in a geocentric universe, or in the protecting power of a rabbit's foot, though open to question if held by a few persons only, becomes valid and unassailable if held by a whole community, a nation, or an age. The real facts still remain the real facts, unaffected by the inveterate propensity of the great majority of mankind to clothe and disguise them in its own feelings and opinions, to view them in the colors of its own predilections and prejudices. Under the guidance of the modern scientific spirit, we are learning slowly, very slowly, to distrust the necessary and universal validity of our own personal beliefs and disbeliefs. The possibilities of our own individual minds are not, after all, coterminous with the possibilities of the truth. This discovery may be surprising and disconcerting, but it is prerequisite to fullness of understanding of the objective facts. I maintain, then, that in proportion as a man prizes intelligence above instinct and emotion, he will not so far trust even his own beliefs, much less those of others as to perform actions the consequences of which must be disastrous unless these beliefs are *wholly* sound. He will be sure that an act which, if performed by a bad man for a bad purpose, would seem to all normal minds clearly bad, does not in any sense become a good act when it is performed by a good man for a good purpose. Let us face the dilemma unflinchingly. If as we believe, there is a divine government of the world, God wills or does not will, at a specific juncture in human affairs, that course of action, approval of which we in all sincerity, in passionate, even fanatical sincerity, if you like, choose to impute to Him. But it is obvious that His actual attitude

is in nowise contingent upon or conditioned by our perception or comprehension of it. It is an objective fact, completely beyond our control, which, if we are religiously minded, it is our highest joy to understand and further, our deepest distress to misconceive and therefore hinder. It matters not whether this thesis be stated in terms of religion or of science, whether we define the object of our allegiance by the word *God* or by the word *Truth*. In either case, if we are grown-up men and women and have put away childish things, we shall regard ourselves as the sworn servants of the facts as they really are, not of the facts as we conceive them to be, and we shall be literally overwhelmed by the discovery, if such unhappiness shall come to us, that with a purity of motive which an archangel might envy, we have been obstructing the success of a movement that was right, because we misunderstood it and thought that it was wrong. Objective facts are stubborn things. In Kipling's story about Reingelder and the German Flag, a species of coral-snake so called because its skin is red, black and white, Reingelder is bitten and dies because he trusted the assurance of a distinguished ophiologist that the bite of a coral-snake was never poisonous. His ignorance of the truth, though seemingly justified, did not exempt him from the operation of a law of physiological chemistry. But the sequence of cause and effect is operative not only in the world of the natural sciences. It is discernible also in our mental processes and in the rational and emotional achievements of mankind as recorded in history. Here also then we must believe that salvation is dependent upon knowledge, and that ignorance of the facts or of their real as opposed to their apparent import, however natural or indeed inevitable in view of a given man's environment, not only will imperil his own success and happiness, but, in so far as his dealings with his fellow men are influenced by his sincerely held but actually erroneous conception of these facts, will make him a menace to their success and happiness also. Still, as of yore, the most striking aspect of the interplay of individuals is the persistent effort of those who would fain organize society in conformity with their own personal philosophy to mould into their own likeness those who may be induced or coerced to follow them. In practice the desire to achieve results as soon as possible has led to a far greater use of coercion, overt or subtle, than of persuasion. Such a trend towards assimilation is perhaps

an inevitable outcome of human nature. I am not thinking of the role that selfishness has played in marring or making the lives of others; the motives have often been of the purest, the aims of the noblest. But able and vigorous minds do not readily grant admission even to a suspicion, much less to a real doubt, that policies to them so clearly sound, so abundantly justified by their own thought and experience, may yet fail to produce happiness for personalities quite differently constituted from themselves. If to this confidence in the accuracy of their own intellectual processes there be added the liking to control, a feeling so native to humanity that it may reasonably dispute with the desire for fame the honor of being called, in Milton's phrase, "the last infirmity of noble mind", what wonder that to men thus endowed the propriety of a nice attention to the peculiar likes and dislikes, beliefs and disbeliefs, hopes and fears, of their fellow beings has seemed an amiable but idle fancy. But as Dean Swift long ago reminded us: "There is none so blind as he who will not see". To comprehend sympathetically the many sidedness of human life is a rare faculty; it is a plant of slow growth, and to grow at all needs constant care. Only determined and rigorous self-discipline will enable one more and more to understand the reasons for the appeal to others of ideas with which one cannot oneself agree. Unless, however, we are so egotistic and so comfortably childish as to be always sure that we are quite right, the lack of this comprehension will often, perhaps lamentably often, hide from us objective facts of great significance and beauty. You will recall possibly Hawthorne's description in his romance of the *Marble Faun* of the journey taken by Kenyon and Donatello from Monte Beni to Perugia. The route of the two friends took them now through the smiling countryside, now through ancient hill-towns, and in these latter they were especially drawn to the churches and moved by the glory of the mediaeval windows. On one such occasion, after spending some time within the edifice, then flooded with the bright Italian sunshine,

"the friends left the church, and as they looked up from the exterior, at the window which they had just been contemplating within, nothing was visible but the merest outline of dusky shapes. Neither the individual

likeness of saint, angel, nor Savior, and far less the combined scheme and purport of the picture, could anyway be made out. That miracle of radiant art, thus viewed, was nothing better than an incomprehensible obscurity, without a gleam of beauty to induce the beholder to attempt unraveling it.

‘All this’, thought the sculptor ‘is a most forcible emblem of the different aspects of religious truth and sacred story, as viewed from the warm interior of belief or from its cold and dreary outside. Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.’”

In this passage Kenyon speaks as a believer in Christianity; but a believer in any other of the historic faiths might express his feeling in similar language. William James wrote a remarkable book on the *Varieties of Religious Experience*; the masterpieces of the world’s literature place in our hands scores of remarkable books on the *Varieties of Social Experience*, imaginative portrayals of the inner life of man in connection with the problems of Nature and of human society that continually imperil his happiness. There is as yet no warrant in history for believing that the subtle essence which we call personality will ever become standardized in the race as a whole. However completely the facts of nature, in all the possible senses of that highly ambiguous word, shall become scientifically known, different personalities will attach to these facts a varying significance and thus obtain different answers to the same problem. This inherently Protean character of the human mind is itself an objective fact, no less significant for the statesman in the field of politics and government than are the properties of matter for the physician in the field of physiology and hygiene. If I offer to my guests at dinner poisonous mushrooms, neither they nor I will be saved from death by the plea that I honestly believed, and indeed was apparently justified in believing that these mushrooms were not poisonous. If we live, as science has now compelled us to believe, in an ordered universe of law, it is always the objective fact that counts in the sequence of cause and effect. In like man-

ner, in that broad field which is somewhat vaguely described and designated by the word sociology, effect follows cause no less surely, though the mode of operation of these laws is as yet not always clear even to experts. Here then, as elsewhere, however positive a man may be that his views and his resultant policy are sound, they may yet in the issue be found to be unsound. It follows that whenever, as Caesar in his Commentaries acutely observes, decisions are made, *quod fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt*, "because human beings are predisposed to believe in the truth of that which they ardently desire to be true", these decisions are, precisely to that extent, the expression of a lack of intelligence. For Nature is her own standard; and if she seems to us unnatural, there is no hope for our minds. As Vergil said:

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas"

"Happy he who hath availed to know the causes of things". Happy indeed! for science, which is the concrete proof of the existence of intelligence, is not merely a slowly increasing body of knowledge. It is the fruit of something even more important, a habit of the mind. As Dean Woodbridge of Columbia has finely said: "It is the habit of recognizing that there is a reasonable way of doing things as over against a passionate, impulsive, instinctive, or partisan way of doing things, and that this way is discoverable through inquiry." Huxley in a striking passage declared that "education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, "under which I include," he says "not merely things and their forces but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affection and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with their laws." Matthew Arnold, who was, as you know, by no means usually in agreement with Huxley, takes essentially the same position when he defines the end of culture to be, in the words of Bishop Wilson, "to make reason and the will of God prevail". But it is obvious that before we can make the will of God prevail, we must first find out what is the will of God. We cannot hope to succeed if we substitute for that objective and unalterable fact our own crude conceptions of it. We must, therefore, discipline our desires and emotions, our instincts and impulses, by bringing them under the control of progressive intelligence.

Where may we go to become inspired with a passion for intelligence? Let me quote to you a fine passage from the opening chap-

ter of Professor Butcher's discussion of *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*. "The Greeks", he says, "before any other people of antiquity, possessed the love of knowledge for its own sake. To see things as they really are, to discern their meaning and adjust their relations, was with them an instinct and a passion. Their methods in science and philosophy might be very faulty, and their conclusions often absurd, but they had that fearlessness of intellect which is the first condition of seeing truly. Poets and philosophers alike looked with unflinching eye on all that met them, on man and the world, on life and death. They interrogated Nature, and sought to wrest her secret from her, without misgiving and without afterthought. Greece, first smitten with the passion for truth, had the courage to put faith in reason, and in following its guidance to take no count of consequences. 'Those', says Aristototele, 'who would rightly judge the truth must be arbitrators and not litigants'. 'Let us follow the argument whithersoever it leads' may be taken not only as a motto of the Platonic philosophy, but as expressing one side of the Greek genius." Let me add a noble passage from the *Ethics* of Aristototele, whom Dante, you will remember, calls *il maestro coloro chi sanno*, "the master of those who know": "if reason is divine in comparison with human nature, then the life of reason is divine in comparison with human life. They are not right who say that men should think of human things and mortals of mortal things. For a man should, as far as in him lies, aim at immortality and do everything with a view to living in the light of the highest that is in him. For although that is small in size, in power and honor it far excels all the rest".

If we study Greek literature aright, we shall mount to the sources that inspired it. We shall be led to the formation of a habit of mind indispensable in business, in the professions, in government, in a word, in all civilized human intercourse. For no advance in civilization, no advance in cultivation, is possible except in so far as the minds of men can be brought to enjoy the constant companionship of ideas and to prefer the guidance of reason to that of personal likes and dislikes. We shall gain from Greece her most precious gift, an ardent belief in the sovereign power of intelligence. We shall learn to follow the argument fearlessly, whithersoever it leads us, if the evidence adduced is adequate, and not to follow it, however confirmatory it may be of our personal hopes,

unless we are sure that it is objectively valid, in the precise sense in which salt is unalterably salt, and never sugar or pepper. For from our contact with the Greek spirit we shall learn, though with difficulty and many a failure, to judge as arbitrators, not as litigants, knowing full well that in the words of a great English scientist, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, "our interpretations are necessarily colored by our personal experience and our social environment, our hypotheses may arise from social suggestions, but before they pass into the framework of science they must be 'depersonalized'; that, in fact, the validity of a scientific conclusion, as distinguished from a mere opinion, depends upon the elimination of the subjective element."

At this point you will perhaps raise a question. Man, you will say, is a social and political animal, not a solitary. Granted that the free play of the spirit of inquiry has been the greatest, if not the sole, cause of progress, has it not in the course of history been highly dangerous to the stability of nations? The bases of society have been instinct and custom. Is it not true that intellectual inquiry by weakening these bases has often led to disintegration? It must be frankly admitted that the general tendency of the intellectual life is centrifugal and that this tendency away from community modes of thought is apt to be noticeable in direct proportion to the vigor of personality and strength of intellect possessed by those who think. Greece through all her history never exhibited in any one of her various states the cohesive power that is demanded by the life of a modern nation. Rome, on the contrary, whose quick responsiveness to ideals and whose intellectual creative power is not to be compared with that of Greece, developed a government that gathered under its sway all the countries of the Mediterranean basin and not a few beyond, and presented for over a thousand years an organic political growth. The Roman mind, like the British, had a sane distrust of proposals that were supported by considerations chiefly theoretical. It was instinctively aware of the difference between the world of thought and the world of action. This difference was for the Roman, as it is still for us, of prime importance. If we consider the world of thought by itself, we must, in so far as we are believers in the value of rationality, emphasize to the utmost the desirability of quick responsiveness to ideas. The intellectual life cannot possibly be too varied nor the

swiftness of our recognition of the significance of new facts and ideas too great. In this world we are ever learning, ever open-minded, ever in a condition of unstable equilibrium. We may, and indeed must, if the evidence is adequate, change our opinions every day. We must say with Cicero: *Modo hoc, modo illud probabilius*. And so long as we stay within the confines of thought and discussion alone, no unfortunate consequences will follow even from kaleidoscopic change. But the instant thought takes shape in action, we are forced to take account of the consequences of our decision. If one is about to erect a skyscraper, one must consider carefully the details of the foundation. Once laid, the foundation excludes certain possibilities that were theoretically present before. It is no longer possible to change one's mind conveniently every day, or even every month. In fact, ridiculous as it may seem at first sight, if the change contemplated involves a substantial or actual reversal of policy, it is less inconvenient to change one's mind every day than every month, for it is obvious that the longer the period of time during which one is executing one's plans, the more numerous become the resultant new obligations and the greater the consequent difficulty of effecting a rapid series of changes. In the world of action conservatism of some sort is a necessity and a certain slowness of responsiveness to ideas often an asset to a statesman, to a people, to an individual. But to discover the distinction between the two worlds of thought and action, to learn that conclusions reached in the first are not necessarily valid at once for the second, to remember always that action takes place not in an ideal world but among human beings as yet in myriad diverse ways imperfect—all this is in a high degree the work of intelligence. Communities and nations can not otherwise be permanently organized. No wonder, then, that Ennius, writing when Rome had been in existence over five hundred and fifty years, could say with fervor

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque

Broad-based upon her ancient ways and men
Standeth the Roman State

No wonder that Rome, endowed with strong desire to realize in human life a practicable order, should have placed a high value upon

precedent, and become great for all time through her mastery of the principles and the application of law.

If the foregoing analysis is sound, we who believe in the permanent value of these monuments of human thought that have stood the test of time have, ready to our hand, implicit in rich abundance in the material that the centuries have accumulated, two of the most potent concepts for real education in the art of living that have ever come to the human mind, the concept, on the one hand, of unlimited freedom of inquiry in the world of investigation and reflection, quite isolated from any consideration of possible resultant action in human society; on the other hand, the concept of the inestimable value of an orderly advance in the better organization of this human society,

“Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent”.

Here, if permanence be desired, the advance, as Tennyson said, must needs be slow; for, however easy it may be to define freedom in the ideal world of thought, the attempt still, as always, bristles with difficulties when made in our actual world of imperfect human beings.

If these two concepts are really great and germinative, how may we make them effective in early and in adult education? Can we hope to teach these concepts as we can impart to others, young and old, the facts historically and logically concatenated, that form the magnificent structure of the liberal arts and sciences? Such a hope, in my judgment, is quite illusory. Knowledge of this kind is too mechanically conceived by the recipient mind to have any noticeable effect upon spontaneous thinking and spontaneous action. But if we ourselves incarnate these ideas, if these ideas, in their various phases, pervade our behavior as students and teachers in that school of experience which begins in the cradle and closes only with death, pervade our behavior as sunlight and air fill space, we shall call into action the most powerful social force in the world, the winning power of personality. It is only through this vague, but almost magical influence of personality that we can hope to kindle in other minds that passion for intelligence, alike in its theoretical and in

its practical aspects, of which I have been speaking. To intelligence we ourselves owe all our scholarship, to intelligence, alert and uncompromising in its persistent search for the truth as it really is, the objective fact as it is, was, and ever shall be, without any regard whatever to our personal likes and dislikes, however strong these may be. Consider—for nothing is more pertinent to the needs of our daily thought and feeling if we prize intelligence—consider the picture which anthropology has gradually been able to draw for us of the history of mankind from those far-distant ages when as yet man had neither language nor fire down to the wonders of our own times. The pageant of man in history, his slow advance (incredibly slow at first) during the thousands and thousands of years that preceded the dawn of historic civilization, followed by the wonderful efflorescence and kaleidoscopic change of his life in the Orient, in Egypt, in Greece, and in the far-flung dominion of Rome—this pageant presents to us a series of events of the most diversified character in which the principle of metamorphosis is continually at work. Let us add now in our imagination the changes in society and government, in the arts of life and in ideas and ideals in every field of thought that have marked mediaeval and modern history. Are we not forced to admit that change is the hallmark of life? But if this be true, if change is really the universal law, we must, if we desire to be intelligent beings, welcome its entrance into our intellectual and spiritual life. We must address ourselves to the problem of an ever changing world with minds ever open to new aspects of truth already discovered and the transforming power of new truths never known before. In one of his finest stories Hans Christian Andersen has genially satirized the attitude of mind that is hopeless. You will recall that in his account of *The Ugly Duckling* the unfortunate creature came presently to a peasant's hut where lived a woman with her tom-cat and her hen.

The Tom Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and always said "We and the world", for she thought that they were half the world and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then you will have the goodness to hold your tongue." And the Tom Cat said

"Can you curve your back and purr and give out sparks?"
"No." "Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

The Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy. Then the fresh air and sunshine streamed in, and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water that it could not help telling the Hen of it. "What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do. That is why you have these fancies. Purr, or lay eggs, and they will soon pass over." "But it is so charming to swim on the water," said the duck, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom." "Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it—he is the cleverest animal I know—ask him if he likes to swim on the water or to dive down; I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim and let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling. "We don't understand you? Then, pray, who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Tom Cat and the old woman—I won't say anything about myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks." "I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling. "Yes, do go," replied the Hen. And the Duckling went.

Let us cheerfully admit that all Ugly Ducklings do not turn out to be swans. Let us admit also that human experience justifies not infrequently the philosophy of the Tom Cat and the Hen. Even

so, the genially phrased indictment is valid and convincing. The world is still full of earnest men and women who entertain no doubt of the correctness of their own views of life, and who never even suspect that an ordering of life that expresses all their own aspirations for happiness may yet fail to win happiness for personalities quite differently constituted. On the other hand, there must come to every thoughtful mind with growing experience a profound appreciation of the preciousness of an existing order. Political change is inevitable, but those nations in which the political instinct has been at work most successfully have always striven to secure for every change the support, in so far as it might be possible, of the sentiments and loyalty that in connection with the previous form of government had helped to bind men together. Such sentiments and loyalty are of slow growth and cannot easily be suddenly called into existence. In proportion as they have their roots deep in the past they are far too valuable to be lost, unless, indeed, one is willing to rely upon force, and take for one's motto: *Oderint dum metuant*, "Hate if you will, if only you cower."

We who have faith in the power of education really to educate must believe that Montesquieu was right in saying: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." Of the Greeks, whose passionate desire to be intelligent has never been surpassed in the history of the world, M. Maurice Croiset said that they had "judgment in imagination, intellect in sentiment, reflection in passion". To blend these qualities is to achieve a rare balance and harmony of the intellectual and the emotional mind, but we must add, if we can, to this accomplishment a sense, peculiarly realized in the history of Rome, of the limitations which membership in the social organism sets to the translation into action of that life of the mind. We must strive particularly, if we are to be true exponents of this constructive and unifying spirit, to bring into mutual understanding and cooperation all the human forces that are now in very contradictory ways trying to make this world a better place in which to live, contradictory because there is as yet no way known in which minds, whether young or old, may be at once granted liberty of thought and refused permission to think incorrectly. However ardently and persuasively we may present our own views, we shall probably be at times unable

to prevent the adoption of views of which we cannot ourselves approve. But until we lose faith in the efficacy of intelligence aided by character, if we are open-minded and willing to learn as well as to teach, if, to cite again the words of Francis Bacon which I quoted early in this address, we are willing to take from one another "light of invention and not fire of contradiction, and esteem of the inquisition of truth as of an enterprise and not as of a quality or ornament," we may reasonably hope for such uniformity of opinion and practice as is attainable in a world in which every day experience and scientific psychology alike prove to us that all general formulations of opinion when they become vital elements in actual living, assume a separate significance due to individual personality and individual experience.

As Tennyson said in the *Morte d' Arthur*,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."





